

The JOURNAL JUNIOR.

Mae Harris Anson Editor.

The Junior is published by the Minneapolis Journal for the public school children of the northwest, in and above the fifth grade, and is devoted principally to their own writings. There is no expense attached, and all are welcomed as competitors. The editor wishes to encourage correspondence and suggestions from teachers. All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor Journal Junior.

Some Child Heroes of the Siege.

NOT all the courage under the terrors and the physical suffering during those awful weeks in Peking were shown by the grown-up members of the imprisoned band. Now that the story is being told, little by little, by those who suffered and feared and lived, the children take their stand for steadfastness with their elders. Miss Mary Condit-Smith, who was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Conger when the siege began, kept a diary, and she pays this tribute to the brave little people, yellow Christians as well as white, who had fled to the legation for safety. After speaking of the arming of the women for their own defense, she says:

"If anything could have been worse than this it was to witness the suffering and starvation of the poor children, huddled in the legation but to die for lack of food.

"The positive heroism of some of these children in trying to distract the attention of the starving ones from their pitiable condition and give them heart to live through the awful experiences, is beyond anything that ever was written. No pen can ever do justice to these children of the legation."

So it seems that heroism is not a matter of years only, but of grit and pluck and the handy "keeping of one's head. If you hero-worshiping Juniors will only remember these two things: "Face everything" and "Don't whimper," and will accustom yourselves to "keeping your heads" when things happen, you may find your names placed in the list some time when you least expect it.

Here and There.

Some time ago a committee appointed by congress investigated the educational conditions in the District of Columbia. They found what seemed to them a shocking state of affairs in that the pupils could not do even passably well in spelling, arithmetic, the use of punctuation, etc. The committee told what they thought in very plain English, and the report was printed by the government, as all such reports are, and they went all over the country.

Naturally, the District educators felt called upon to explain. The superintendent says that these points are not nearly so important as the teaching of the "higher things, courtesy, obedience by self-control without punishment of any description; power to do, willingness to make the effort, continuity of purpose and strict integrity in representing work, all things that make for that higher citizenship which every patriot would have characterize our nationality."

That sounds a good deal like an effort to excuse poor work on the part of the Washington schools. All that is done out here without neglecting the spelling and arithmetic and other things for which the schools are supposed to exist.

Still Another Kind of Scrapbook.

Once upon a time when the editor was not so busy as she is now, great was her pleasure in making scrapbooks. Hence, believing that many of the Juniors are of the same mind, she has taken pleasure in suggesting from time to time novel plans for scrapbooks. Here is an entirely new idea adapted from a book that has actually been made by a little girl.

She calls it "A Scrapbook of the Year." First, the book—and it necessarily has to be one of many pages—is divided into twelve equal parts, one for each month. Then to each month is allotted space to represent its number of days. This done, begin to collect clippings and pictures appropriate for the season, month and if possible the days. All the legal holidays should have some special recognition, and such church days as each may desire. The birthdays of the members of the family might be specially illustrated, and a small picture of each noted person born in a month should be put opposite the day of his birth, with anything in prose or poetry that fits the occasion. Then, too, magazines with illustrated advertisements could be ransacked for figures to represent the different kinds of housework associated with each day, and if this is carefully done, no two figures need be the same throughout the whole year. Care should be taken also to select only the best poetry to accompany the illustrations.

This is merely the baldest outline, but when the scrapbook loving Juniors begin one on this plan, they will find that there are many more things that can be put into it than into the regulation book of scraps.

Would you like to live in a country where you could get a glass of soda water for the mere climbing of a tree? Then go to Cuba. However, it is not exactly soda water that you would get, but the drink that takes the place in Cuba of our soda water. It is nothing more nor less than the milk of the green cocconut.

And it would not be an altogether easy task either to climb the tree, for frequently there is not a limb nearer than fifty feet to the ground. After one has sampled the Cuban water, however, he probably would be glad to attempt the climb.



Mrs. Rabbit—I hear company coming. —From Success.



Quite Another Story.

I WAS just desperate. I had always been a shy lad, but now things had come to such a pass that I was left out of everything. When the boys organized their football team the suggestion of my name met with a scornful "Pooh! Tommy might get his hands scratched; let him play marbles with the girls!"

When the archery club was being planned it was, "Tommy couldn't drive a penny nail in straight!"

So it went till I was left to the company of my little sister Sue, but even she by degrees became haughty and showed me plainly that she did not care for the company of a "girl boy," as I was nicknamed. I was very melancholy about it, put on high collars, used a long cane and even had my trousers lengthened, but with no effect. I was just as insignificant as ever and as thoroughly left alone.

I used to enjoy reading about the knights and their exploits and wished I had lived in those days for a lion didn't seem



Before either discovered me, I struck him a blow.

nearly so terrible to me as a mouse, and I knew that rescuing a fair damsel in distress wasn't half so hard as reading an essay before our school society and faculty.

One afternoon I went to my favorite haunt in the woods, which was a little plot inside a clump of bushes, where no one could chance to see me unless he knew that I was there, and I think no one but myself was aware of its existence. Here I lay, my head resting on a little hillock, dreamily gazing up at the fleecy clouds, and vainly trying to find a way out of my predicament. Suddenly I was startled by hearing gruff voices just outside the bushes which concealed me. My first impulse was to run away, but fear of being seen in so doing stayed me, and there I lay, fearing each moment that the beating of my heart would lead to my discovery. Finally I gathered courage to peep out. On the bank of the river, about ten yards in front of me, sat two men. I could not see their faces, nor did I wish to, for if they looked much worse than their backs, I should have cried out in fright. Their heads were both bare; one had hair of a sandy color, all matted and snarled, the other of such a bright red that it fairly dazzled me. One was attired in a loose, dirty, ragged workingman's coat, while the other wore a faded and worn soldier's uniform. On the ground near them was a rusty tin cup, a couple of red handkerchiefs, a queer bundle done up in leather, and worst of all—a ferocious wolf hound. He was really the most hideous creature I ever saw. His hair was coarser and even more ill kempt than his master's; his eyes were red and bloodshot and looking straight at me. I thought at first he would betray me, but to my great relief he rose stiffly from his haunches and walked slowly down to the river.

Suddenly my ears caught some of the words the men in front of me were saying. With astonishment I heard them mention my father's name.

"Let's try Squire Ford ter-night, Jim," I heard one gruff voice say.

Then, my nerves fairly tingling with excitement, I strained my ears to listen, to do which the sound of the river and the distance between us made very difficult. I caught a snatch now and then—"he's plenty of money," "do the square thing by us," "he'll suffer for it!" Then I heard a phrase which convinced me that

they were planning a meeting; "down by the old mill at 12." For a long time I lay straining my ears, every moment fearing detection.

Suddenly I saw through it all. These were burglars planning to break into my father's house! My first thought was to get home and warn them, then a more daring one passed through my mind. I would attack the robbers then and there! This was the way to distinguish myself. I could already see my schoolmates petting the boy who had overpowered two men. To my own astonishment I was not frightened; I seemed possessed of a different spirit and to know by instinct just what course to pursue. Grasping a stick with a large knot on the end of it, I cautiously crept forth. I advanced to one of them, and before either discovered me, struck him a blow on the head which sent him sprawling and unconscious. Then I turned to the other. He looked at me and with a half-angry, half-amused look, said:

"Look here, young man!"

"Don't 'young man' me!" I shouted, and then I went at him. Thoroughly angry was I, for I saw that he considered me an insignificant adversary. I felt that I should conquer. I seemed to tower above him in spite of the fact that he was fully two feet taller, and my muscular power was something wonderful. After about five minutes wrestling I stood above his prostrate form, panting, but triumphant. I was mopping my wet forehead when I heard a loud whoop and saw all my schoolmates come rushing toward me. To have them see me in the midst of my victory was something I had not hoped for. I proudly explained to them that I had heard these men planning a robbery, and had thought it best to deal with them then and there (this very easily and carelessly).

They stared at me and the two men with open mouths. Then Billy Brown, who had never before deigned to address me, said, looking at the men:

"I say, Ford, you've done it, now; you're in for five hundred dollars reward! I am sure these are the burglars who escaped from prison a while ago!" I hurried forward, my heart beating even faster than before. Could this be true? Surely if it were, I had redeemed myself forever from the name of coward.

The boys began to act very queerly. They whispered together, looking meaningly at me. Then Sam Morris, captain of the football team, said:

"Ford (I was not Tommy any more), we'd like to have you join our football team. You know Jack West has dislocated his shoulder and we'd like to have you take his place. I've been thinking of asking you for a long time."

Some of the small boys snickered at this, but I felt that I could pardon anything now.

"And the gymnasium class," continued Sam, "we need one more and you're just the right size, so won't you come along and help us?"

I answered as best I could. Then one of the boys, after much nudging, coughing and whispering said:

"Ford, we're afraid we—we haven't treated you quite right before. You know we—that is—you—or we—" I held out my hands, then, why—what—where was I? I was lying behind those bushes in the old woods. Where were my companions, who had been with me just now? All was quiet everywhere. I had been asleep and dreaming.

Tenth Grade.

—Mabel I. Hansen, Kenyon, Minn.

A Study in Bronze.

Those of the Juniors who have read "Some Strange Corners of Our Country," by Charles F. Lummis, will know something about the wonderful surroundings of the children of the Moki Indians, a group of whom are shown on page 3. It is really not an unhappy lot to be a little Moki. Their parents love them dearly, seldom or never punish them, and seem to feel that they are only fulfilling their duties when they are giving their children a good time.

There is a villain in the picture, a four-footed one. The spotted donkey is a convicted thief. It is very hard for the Mokis to make corn grow in the desert wastes of Arizona, and hence their fields are closely watched and tended. But donkeys the world over also have a keen appreciation of corn, too, and whenever one of these hardy little burros can get to a cornfield he makes good use of his teeth. He has to pay for it, though. The first time he is found eating up the highly prized fodder, a little piece is clipped out of his ear. If this is not sufficient warning, and he is again found straying into forbidden pastures, another piece is clipped out. Sometimes this is lesson enough, and he merely goes through life, a wiser donkey, held up as a warning to the generations of burros that follow him. Some of these little thieves, however, never learn their lesson, and travelers say that many a time they have seen donkeys with their ears cropped close to their heads.

The Emperor's Sleigh.

The vehicles in use in China are very odd to western eyes. The wheelbarrow is the greatest favorite, and then comes the primitive two-wheeled cart. The conveyance most used by the higher classes is the palanquin, an enclosed chair borne on the shoulders of coolies. The picture on page 6 shows how the "Son of Heaven" takes an airing in the winter.

When Mary Does Her Thinking

Ida Whipple Benham in Youth's Companion

When Mary does her thinking
'Tis twilight, and the sun
Is tucked to bed 'neath curtains red,
And stars peep, one by one,
From far-off, pearly spaces,
With glad lights on their faces,
Some smiling, and some winking,
While Mary does her thinking.

The day, with song and laughter,
With happy work and play,
Glides swiftly by on wings that fly—
The great, glad, golden day;
And light as any bubble,
With not a grief or trouble
The hours to vex and vary,
So light seems little Mary.

But when the sunset splendor
Floods all the glowing west
And sinks and fades to opal shades,
A twilight dream of rest,
Then to a slower motion
Moves Mary—some sweet potion
Has set her brown eyes blinking,
And Mary does her thinking.

Far thoughts, mysterious, tender,
Great thoughts, majestic, wise,
These come and go with ebb and flow
In little Mary's eyes,
As close she sits by mother—
By her and by no other—
Sweet influences drinking
The while she does her thinking.

If I could spend a twilight
Beneath wee Mary's curls,
And closely heed and clearly read
The thoughts of little girls—
The gladness and the beauty,
The sweetness and the duty,
The chime, and rhyme, and reason—
Oh, what a happy season.

But only just my fingers
Can creep beneath her hair—
A mass of golden wealth untold—
And sweetly nestle there
The clinging ringlets under;
And so I sit and wonder,
While stars are smiling, winking,
And Mary does her thinking.

